

Better find yourself a lass

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11932275) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11932275>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Pirates of the Caribbean (Movies)
Relationship:	Armando Salazar/Jack Sparrow
Character:	Armando Salazar , Jack Sparrow
Additional Tags:	Crossdressing , Humor , Romance , Adventure
Series:	Part 1 of Salazar/Jack dilogy of fanfics
Stats:	Published: 2017-08-28 Words: 3840

Better find yourself a lass

by [Lunnaya_Murka](#)

Summary

Jack just wanted to find himself a drink – but founded adventures on some interesting parts of his body and some... Spaniard.

Explanation: The missing scene from the movie *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Men Tell No Tales* that explains why Captain Armando Salazar was looking for Captain Jack Sparrow and why he would have found him no matter what.

Notes

Many thanks to my wonderful beta marriedtojbiebs, she did a really great job with correcting my mistakes.

- A translation of [Лучше найди себе девушку](#) by [Lunnaya_Murka](#)

Title: Better find yourself a lass

Author: Lunnaya Murka

Beta: marriedtojbiebs

Fandom: Pirates of the Caribbean 1-5

Pairing: Captain Armando Salazar/Captain Jack Sparrow

Rating: PG-13

Genre: adventure, humor, romance

Category: Slash with a little bit of het

Warning: Crossdressing

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parts of his body and some... Spaniard.

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Author's note: Muse and inspiration, filthy pirates that they are, attacked Murka unexpectedly, meanly and from the back, requisitioned her time and forced her to fulfill their demands. So this is how this thoroughly pirate fanfic was born.

You can see an illustration for this fanfic here: <http://lunnayamurka.deviantart.com/art/Better-find-yourself-a-lass-688191049>

This fanfic has a sequel: *No te haré daño*.



Better find yourself a lass

*Nights in white satin
Never reaching the end
Letters I've written
Never meaning to send*

*Beauty I'd always missed
With these eyes before
Just what the truth is
I can't say anymore*

...

*Gazing at people
Some hand in hand
Just what I'm going through
They can't understand*

*Some try to tell me
Thoughts they cannot defend
Just what you want to be
You will be in the end*

© The Moody Blues – “Nights in White Satin”.

The mean land tilted, swayed and rocked dishonorably like a decent sea never allowed itself to even in a storm, and treacherously escaped from under his feet: Jack felt that he was flying somewhere.

“Careful, muchacha bonita,” said some Spaniard that caught him by the waist and sat him on his lap.

Jack blinked. He tried to focus on that insolent drunkard, drunk to such an extent that he couldn’t tell a woman from a man, but he forgot what he wanted to say and why as soon as he saw it. So seductive. So captivating. So delectable. So appealing.

A bottle of rum.

Conveniently open, but not empty.

Ideal.

And it was right in front of his nose.

Jack reached out to it not only with his hand, but with his whole body and soul. Grabbed it greedily. Drained it in one long gulp. And only then realized that it wasn’t a bottle of rum, it was a bottle of gin. However, the gin was also nice enough: Jack immediately felt how his head cleared a little bit, and he suddenly realized that he was sitting on a lap of some... Spaniard. And that Spaniard was telling Jack something... in Spanish. Very enthusiastically. Very passionately. Not very comprehensibly.

Jack looked at the Spaniard. Then he looked at the empty bottle of not-rum, and realized that he had nothing to do here – and tried to sail off. It didn’t work out: the Spaniard, holding him tightly around the waist, persistently forced Jack’s stern to remain moored to that Spaniard’s main-mast. “Better find yourself a lass,” Jack advised, cautiously moving away from the other man’s main-mast, and tried again to get up.

“And I did find you, gorgeous,” the Spaniard said, glancing over Jack’s dress...

Stop.

Dress. Jack was wearing a *dress*. A light-coloured one. With a long tail – oh, that’s why treacherous land was more treacherous than ever!... Silk... and a nice... dress?..

Oh! Of course! The governor’s wife! Or the governor’s daughter?.. Or the governor’s wife *and* the governor’s daughter?.. There definitely were several women and they definitely were all very pretty – and then there was the governor, who wasn’t pretty – *at all*. And who was breaking into the

bedroom... Well, most likely – he was breaking into *his* bedroom. In which Jack was, most likely, with the wife of that governor – and the wife of that governor... had pushed Jack behind the screen and helped him pull on some clothes.

Apparently, her clothes – one of her dresses.

And to think that Jack, having greeted everyone properly and leaving through the front door, had thought that for once he had met not the usual stupid, furious and jealous cuckold trying to take care of his wife's lover without anything that could actually even remotely be called *care*. Jack was seriously thinking that the governor, simply by his nature, was a grateful man. The governor's wife (or governor's daughter?) was young, whereas the governor himself not so much; therefore he couldn't fulfil his marital duties completely, or sometimes he tried to, but it would be better if he actually had not. It was very noble of Jack to take some of the responsibilities of this respectable man on himself. The governor was so busy with his gubernatorial duties. He was so busy with them that he completely ignored his marital duties. Or his parental duties. Or his marital duties *and* his parental duties?.. Well, it didn't really matter. The thing that *did* matter was that Jack showed nobility and took these responsibilities on himself. It was also important that governors and other officials loved this business – shifting their duties to others, and they called it a beautiful word. Debauch. Degenerate. No, something different. With almost the same ending, but something with a delay, a leg and a gate or something related?.. Yeah! Exactly! *Delegate!*..

...at the command of the Spaniard before them was put another bottle of not-rum.

Jack thought that it really wasn't so important what deal there was with the governor here. And his wife. And his daughter. And the clothes of his wife or his daughter. And even Jack's clothes. It was a long time ago and it had already passed. Unfortunately, no one gave proper thanks to him or showed necessary gratitude, – but fortunately no one showed unnecessary ingratitude too. And that was *then*. Now there was another bottle of gin in front of Jack – not rum, of course, but this was also a very convincing reason not to look for another pier for now.

"Who are you, love?" Jack asked the one on whose lap he was sitting.

The Spaniard spoke enthusiastically, telling something about some great captain, who was doing something with pirates...

Jack put his finger on the Spaniard's lips, making him shut up, and tried to clarify who this captain was and what exactly this captain did with the pirates – it would be very fortunate if he recruited them. It would be really lovely to find himself a ship to sail on: there was nothing to do on land. On land, only boredom can await a man. In order to go out into the sea, Jack needed a ship, for which he needed to get a job and to be part of a crew. And for this, it was necessary to find if not some captain, then at least some first mate.

The Spaniard clearly pronounced: "Captain Armando Salazar," and nothing else, as if just a name was enough.

It wasn't.

"Have you heard of such, bonita señorita?" asked the Spaniard, moving dangerously close to Jack. Jack, reaching out for the not-rum, reasonably thought that it was better for them to continue with this pretty innocent conversation and not to start any of the not-so-innocent deeds, so he tried to remember if he ever had heard anything about such a captain... But no. What a strange name. Jack had never heard it before.

The hand of the Spaniard began to creep down dangerously from his waist.

Unless that's the one that...

"Is that the captain that played dice against the skeleton and won?" At last the pirate has understood about whom his generous drinking companion wanted to talk about. And he determinedly raised the Spaniard's arm higher – from his stern to his waterline.

"No," the Spaniard shook his head.

"Well, that story about the grapes, the snake and the underpants is about him then?"

The Spaniard frowned and shook his head again.

"Aha!", immediately brightened up Jack. "Then this is certainly the one about whom there are rumours that he did to himself–"

“No,” not allowing him to finish speaking, the Spaniard broke off.

“Then who are you talking about?”

The Spaniard spoke about the great captain. But greatness meant glory, and glory meant fame. And fame meant that if not Jack, then someone else about this captain had to have heard about.

Jack grabbed the passing sailor with the words: “Hey, mate, did you ever heard about Captain Armando Salazar?”

The sailor broke into a strange and too wide smile at the sight of Jack and asked: “Is that the captain that played dice against the skeleton and won?”

Jack looked impressively at the Spaniard, then answered the sailor: “Not this one.”

“Ah, then the one who, they say, did to himself—”

The Spaniard frowned menacingly.

“And not this one,” the pirate interrupted the sailor hastily. “And not even the one from the story about the grapes, the snake and the underpants,” Jack said confidentially.

“Then who is it?” The sailor did not understand. Jack waved him to go on his way. Turning to the Spaniard, he said:

“That’s it. That’s exactly what I’m saying. Who is it, mi amigo? I don’t know who you are talking about. I never heard anything about that great captain, and nobody else has ever heard about him. No one knows about him and no one’s heard of him. Are you sure he’s a captain? That he’s so great?”

The Spaniard was sure. The Spaniard hotly told Jack... about himself. About the glorious captain that exterminated pirates, burnt ships under a black flag, scourged the seas and left none of those bastards alive.

Jack froze and even sobered up when he realized on whose lap he was sitting and who was buying him a drink. Captain Salazar – so that was who the rumours were about! Because of the efforts of *that* Spaniard honest pirates had such a problem to find a ship to sail on lately!

“Not leaving alive anyone at all?” Jack asked in a suddenly hoarse voice, finishing the bottle and immediately reaching out to the next one to moisten his dry throat.

“No, not even one. No pirate deserves mercy,” the Spaniard haughtily pronounced, grabbing an apple from the table and biting into it with his teeth.

“That explains everything,” Jack said, nodded thoughtfully and, taking the apple from the arrogant pirate killer, gnawed at the fruit himself. Then, leaning closer to the Spaniard, he confidently said: “That’s why no one knows about him. Where would rumors come from if there is no one to spread them? No one’s ever heard of Captain Salazar. No one knows about Captain Salazar. And so this Captain Salazar will die in obscurity because dead men tell no tales.”

Jack leaned very close to the Spaniard’s face and, almost touching his lips with the other man’s, asked: “Savvy, love?”

Jack finished his apple, and shoved an apple core at the Spaniard.

“I’ve never met a girl like you,” the Spaniard told him, grabbing Jack’s hand – his right hand, on which, slightly above the cuff, there was the brand of a pirate. Then the Spaniard, the pirate killer, pulled Jack’s hand to his lips – to kiss. But Jack snatched it from the other man’s hands, and hid it behind his back – just to be sure.

He realized that he had delayed dangerously here, and tried to escape – Jack tried to slip out of the hands of the Spaniard. But the Spaniard held tight.

“Why are you trying to flit away, mi pájaro?” asked the Spaniard.

“I need to go,” Jack said, trying futilely to remove the other man’s hands that had grasped him tightly from himself and stood up. “It’s very urgent!” He grimaced apologetically and said: “Gin’s asking out.”

“The Jinn who fulfills desires?” the Spaniard asked insinuatingly, looking at him with burning eyes.

“Not this one,” Jack said quickly. “And I really, *really* need to go. Adiós, amigo.”

But the Spaniard didn’t let go of him that easily. The Spaniard said that he hadn’t killed all pirates yet; it wasn’t safe for Jack to walk alone. Ha! With this Spanish pirate hunter, Jack, as a pirate,

wasn't safe; without that Spaniard it was surely quite okay for him!

They left the tavern. Too decent-looking – how on earth did Jack even land himself here? Together they came out, under the gazes and the bawdy laughter of the drunken Spanish officers who apparently obeyed this Spanish pirate killer.

Jack turned into the first alley – which turned out to be a dead end. Jack turned around immediately – but the Spaniard had already blocked the only way out. The pirate hunter looked at him with eyes burning with such a desire that Jack even managed to get pretty frightened for his maiden's honor – until he remembered that he was not a maiden, and he had no honor at all.

Jack swallowed. The Spaniard stepped closer to him. The pirate tried to convey to him that it would be better if he moved *from* him, not *to*.

"I'll wet myself at any moment," Jack said weakly. The Spaniard... looked really enthusiastic about Jack getting wet. "I mean pee, I really, *really* need to *pee*!" Jack added hastily, advising: "Better wait for me around the corner."

"I'll wait for you here."

"No need to," Jack said, looking around, realizing that he was trapped and involuntarily backing away until there was no room left. Resting against the wall, he realized that there was nowhere to go, no way to retreat. So he closed his eyes and exhaled languidly, invitingly: "No need to *wait*." Jack lifted the bottle to his lips and drained it, his eyes never leaving the Spaniard's ones that were burning with lust.

The Spaniard stepped towards him. In just a moment he was so close. He drew Jack into his arms, but – Jack arched the small of his back, dodged from his lips and struck him on the head with an empty bottle of not-rum, breaking it into pieces.

The Spaniard fell at his feet, collapsed like he was knocked down – as he actually was.

"The women are like that, mate," Jack informed him, leaning over to his face. "Treacherous creatures, you can never trust them. At any moment they can leave you without your pants."

Where exactly Jack left his clothes and whether it was wise to even try to look for them, Jack wasn't sure; but now he was absolutely sure where to get other ones. Not women's clothes – but men's. They would be too big for him, of course – but they would do. Anything was better than women's dresses.

Jack undressed the hapless Spaniard. Carefully he felt his pockets – and found a purse full of gold, counted doubloons, whistled and thought that today was his lucky day – and clearly wasn't the Spaniard's.

"It would really be better for you if you found yourself a lass, amigo," muttered the pirate, disappearing. Leaving behind this Spaniard. Unconscious, in only his underwear, and without a peso in his pocket.

Well, maybe henceforth this Spaniard will be wiser, and wouldn't try to spot the honor of honest and decent girls. Even when they are not honest, not decent, not girls and have no honor whatsoever.

Jack, perhaps, would try to grow a mustache. And a goatee, just to be sure; just to avoid these kind of situations in the future.

...

A couple of days later Jack settled on a ship called the *Wicked Wench*, left the treacherous land, and finally was sailing on his precious sea.

A couple of months later he heard the first horrible stories about the Butcher of the Sea that made the pirates tremble in fear. Tales about one mighty Spanish captain, a man who scourged the sea, exterminated their pirate brethren, burned their ships under a black flag, killed everyone, without any mercy. Everyone – even those who tried to surrender. Everyone – even if they lowered the black flag and raised the white flag. He killed everyone... but one. One man he kept alive. For this one survivor to spread rumours and tell tales. To warn pirates about what will wait for them.

What will wait for them all if they didn't try to unite and destroy the Butcher of the Sea before he exterminated all pirates.

* * *

For a few months, Jack completely forgot about the Spaniard – until the Spaniard, known as the Butcher of the Sea, didn't remind him himself.

Jack didn't immediately recognize Captain Salazar. He didn't immediately recognize the Butcher of the Sea in the Spaniard on whose lap he had once sat.

Unlike Captain Salazar; the Butcher of the Sea recognized him immediately. Maybe the intonation of Jack's voice seemed familiar to him. Maybe he recognized Jack, who at that time took over the command of the *Wicked Wench* and loudly, impudently teased the pirate killer, by his voice.

Maybe, even if it was dirty, torn and tattered – but he still recognized *his* shirt on the pirate. Or maybe he recognized him by the eyes, still as kohl-lined as before, by the same lips, the same hair – maybe he recognized Jack simply because the only difference was that now Jack was in normal men's clothes, not in women's dress.

And Captain Salazar followed him again. In the same way as before, from the tavern to a dead end. Looking at him with the same terrible, dark and lustful eyes that even made Jack again involuntarily begin to worry for his maiden's honor – until he remembered that he was not a maiden, and he had no honor at all.

Captain Salazar followed him again – as then. And again, thinking that he was preying on Jack – he fell into the trap himself. Only now not-so-harmless trap. Only now – forever.

...at least so it seemed to Jack.

* * *

After Captain Salazar disappeared in the Devil's Triangle with all of his crew and with his ship, Jack again forgot about the Spaniard for a few decades.

Until the Spaniard again reminded Jack of himself.

"Better find yourself a lass," Captain Sparrow wanted to say in response when the Spaniard, standing at the very edge of the water, told Jack, who was on the shore, that he would wait for him. That he *will* wait for him. And wait. And wait. For however long it takes.

"Better find yourself a lass," Captain Sparrow wanted to say in response. But he said: "Ah, but there is no need to... wait."

Because if he said "Better find yourself a lass", then the Spaniard would definitely have answered that he had already found himself one.

"Oh *bugger*," thought Jack. And suddenly he again began to feel fear for his maiden's honor – and even though he was not a maiden, and he had no honor at all, for some reason didn't help him appease these worries anymore.

Notes:

In slang white satin means gin, that's why the characters in this fanfic drink gin. You can look at a bottle of such a gin for example here:

http://oportunityleiloes.auctionserver.net/images/lot/1591/1591559_0.jpg

Gin is a spirit which derives its predominant flavour from juniper berries (*Juniperus communis*).

From its earliest origins in the Middle Ages, gin has evolved from use in herbal medicine to an object of commerce in the spirits industry. Gin was developed on the basis of the older jenever, and became popular in Great Britain (particularly in London) when William of Orange, leader of the Dutch Republic, occupied the English, Scottish, and Irish thrones with his wife Mary. Gin is one of the broadest categories of spirits, represented by products of various origins, styles, and flavour profiles that all revolve around juniper as a common ingredient.

The Dutch physician Franciscus Sylvius is often falsely credited with the invention of gin in the

mid 17th century, although the existence of genever is confirmed in Philip Massinger's play *The Duke of Milan* (1623), when Sylvius would have been about nine years old. It is further claimed that English soldiers who provided support in Antwerp against the Spanish in 1585, during the Eighty Years' War, were already drinking genever for its calming effects before battle, from which the term *Dutch Courage* is believed to have originated.

So theoretically the characters in this fanfic could have been drinking gin since by the time the events described in this story occur there has already been gin.

"Muchacha bonita" translates from Spanish as "beautiful", "beautiful girl".

The stern is the back or aft-most part of a ship or boat, technically defined as the area built up over the sternpost, extending upwards from the counter rail to the taffrail. The stern lies opposite of the bow, the foremost part of a ship. Originally, the term only referred to the aft port section of the ship, but eventually came to refer to the entire back of a vessel. The stern end of a ship is indicated with a white navigation light at night.

Main-mast: the tallest mast, usually located near the center of the ship.

"Bonita señorita" translates from Spanish as "beautiful girl".

The waterline is the line where the hull of a ship meets the surface of the water.

"No" in Spanish means same as "no" in English.

Mi amigo – in Spanish means "my friend".

Mi pájaro – translates from Spanish as "my birdie".

On the Internet Murka found information that "pájaro", by one of the definitions, is translated as "bird", is used as a common name which refers to any flying bird, especially if it's small, and if more correctly, it refers to a group of passerines that includes sparrows. In addition, according to some sources, in the taboo vocabulary "pájaro" also means "hard on".

Adiós – in Spanish means "goodbye".

Amigo – in Spanish means "friend", "buddy", "mate".

The doubloon (from Spanish *doblón*, meaning "double") was a two-*escudo* or 32-*real* gold coin.

Dobloons were minted in Spain, Mexico, Peru, and Nueva Granada. The term was first used to describe the golden *excelente* either because of its value of two *ducats* or because of the double portrait of Ferdinand and Isabella. In Spain, doubloons were current from 1566 up to the middle of the 19th century.

The peso (meaning *weight* in Spanish, or more loosely *pound*) was a coin that originated in Spain and became of immense importance internationally. Peso was a name given in Spain and particularly in Hispanic America to the 8-royal coin or *real de a ocho*, a large silver coin of the type commonly known as a thaler (dollar) in Europe. This *real de a ocho* or *peso* was minted in Spain from the mid 16th century, and even more prolifically in Spanish America, in the mints of Mexico and Peru. It was originally known as the "piece of eight" in English, due to the nominal value of 8 *reales*. The piece of eight became a coin of worldwide importance in the 17th century, especially in trade with India and the Far East, where it was immediately melted down.

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